In Recital

Shannon Kolotyluk, mezzo-soprano

assisted by
Donna Noton, piano
Joel Harder, piano
Ronda Metszies, violoncello

Sunday, March 24, 2002 at 2:00 pm

Arts Building
University of Alberta

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Ich will den Herren loben allezeit, SWV 306 (1639) — Heinrich Schütz
(Psalm 34, verse 2-5,7) — (1585-1672)
Bringt her dem Herren, SWV 283 (1636)
(Psalm 29, verse 1-2)

Ronda Metszies, violoncello

From *La rencontre imprévue* (1764) — Christoph Willibald Gluck
Bel inconnu — (1714-1787)
Je cherche à vous faire
(L.H. Dancourt)

Ch'io mi scordi di te?…
Non temer amato bene, KV 505 (1786) — Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
(Author Unknown) — (1756-1791)

Joel Harder, piano

Intermission

Glückes genug, Op. 37, No. 1 — Richard Strauss
(Detlev Freiherr von Liliencron) — (1864-1949)
Breit' über mein Haupt, Op. 19, No. 2
(Adolf Friedrich Graf von Schack)
Allerseelen, Op. 10, No. 8
(Hermann von Gilm zu Rosenegg)
Zueignung, Op. 10, No. 1
(Hermann von Gilm)

Mandoline, Op. 58, No. 1 — Gabriel Fauré
Prison, Op. 83, No. 1 — (1845-1924)
En Sourdine, Op. 58, No. 2
(Paul Verlaine)

The Daisies, Op. 2, No. 1 — Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
(James Stephens)
With rue my heart is laden, Op. 2, No. 2
(A.E. Housman from "A Shropshire Lad")
Bessie Bobtail, Op. 2, No. 3
(James Stephens)
Nocturne, Op. 13, No. 4
(Frederic Prokosch from "The Carnival")

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Kolotyluk.

Ms Kolotyluk is a recipient of a Beryl Barns Memorial Award (Undergraduate) and a Johann Strauss Foundation Scholarship.

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Ich will den Herren loben allezeit/I will praise the Lord at all times
I will praise the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be on my lips. Hallelujah. My soul shall boast in the Lord: The meek shall hear and rejoice. Hallelujah. O magnify the Lord with me and let us exalt his name together. Hallelujah. I sought the Lord and he answered me, and delivered me from all my fears. Hallelujah. And saved me out of all my troubles. Hallelujah.

Bringt her dem Herren/Give to the Lord
Give unto the Lord, O mighty ones, Give unto the Lord glory and strength. Hallelujah. Give unto the Lord the glory due his name; Worship the Lord in the splendor of his holiness. Hallelujah. All the earth shall pray to thee and shall sing praise unto thee; They shall sing praise to thy name. Hallelujah.

Bel inconnu/Fair unknown youth
Fair unknown youth, by love, brought here to inflame with love all breasts; your beauty has conquered a cruel fair one, and her heart, for so long hard as stone, now feels the pangs of love. The fair one who burns with love for you, fortunate mortal, has the Sultan at her feet; no prize could be greater than she. Through the chink of a shutter she saw you; a sudden pain pierced her heart; tenderly she sighed then she cried out: Heavens, Heavens! What do I see! Ah! It is he, It is he.

Je cherche à vous faire/I seek to make
I seek to make your happiness complete, but if, seeking to please you, (Be it said entre nous) I should beg you to love me, will you refuse? Speak freely, you have nothing to fear, will you not surrender? Gaze, Gaze on my charms

Ch'io mi scordi di te?/How could I forget you?
How could I forget you? How can you counsel me to give myself to another man? You believe that I could still live? Ah no, my life would be much worse than death! Let death come! Fearless, I await it. But, how could I long for another, to another, give my affections? How could I attempt it? Ah, I would die of sorrow.

Fear not, well beloved, my heart will always be yours. I can bear this great pain no longer, my spirit faints. You sigh? O fatal grief! Think at least, what a moment this is! O God, I cannot explain. Barbarous stars, merciless stars, why always so much severity? Beautiful souls, who see my pain in this moment, tell me, why a faithful heart should suffer such torment.

Glückes genug/Abundant Happiness
When softly in my arms you slept, and I could hear you breathe, you, in your dream, did call my name, about your mouth there beamed a smile- abundant happiness that was.
And when, after a hot, hard day you banished weighty care from me, when against your heart I lay and of a tomorrow thought no more-abundant happiness that was.

Breit über mein Haupt/Spread over My Head
Spread over my head your black hair, lower to me your face, then into my soul so clear and bright the light of your eyes will stream. I want not the glory of the sun above, nor the gleaming crown of stars. I want only the night of your raven locks and the radiance of your glance.

Allerseelen /All Souls' Day
Set on the table the fragrant mignonettes, bring in the last red asters, and let us speak of love again, as once in May. Give me your hand to clasp in secret, if people see, I do not care; give me but one of your sweet glances, as once in May. Each grave today is flowering and fragrant, for one day of the year the dead are free, come close to my heart, and so be mine again, as once in May.

Zueignung/Dedication
Yes, dear soul, you know, away from you I'm in torment, love makes hearts sick, Have thanks. Once I, drinker of freedom, held high the amethyst goblet and you blessed that draught, Have thanks. And you drove out from it the evil ones, till I, as never before, holy, sank holy upon your heart, Have thanks!

Mandoline/Mandolin
The serenaders and the beauties who listen, exchange trivial conversation beneath the singing boughs. There is Thyrsis and Amyntas and the eternal Clytander, and there is Damis, who for many a heartless woman wrote many a tender verse. Their short silk jackets, their long dresses with trains, their elegance, their joy and their soft blue shadows whirl about in the ecstasy of a pink and gray moon; And the mandolin chatters amid the shudders of the breeze.

Prison
The sky above the roof is so blue, so calm; A tree above the roof waves its branches. The bell in the sky that is seen, softly rings; A bird on the tree that is seen, sings its lament. My God, my God, life is out there, simple and tranquil! That peaceful sound comes from the city. What have you done, you there, crying endlessly, Say, what have you done, you there, with your youth?

En sourdine/Muted
Calm in the half-daylight that the high branches create, let us thoroughly steep our love in this deep silence. Let us mingle our souls, our hearts and our enraptured senses amid the vague languors of the pines and the arbutus. Half-close your eyes, cross your arms on your breast, and from your sleeping heart drive away all purpose forever. Let us abandon ourselves to the rocking and gentle breeze that comes and at your feet wrinkles the waves of the auburn lawns. And when, solemnly, the evening falls from the black oaks, voice of our despair, the nightingale will sing.